[fic] Human AU: Hell.

• Mar. 25th, 2011 at 4:26 AM

Title: Human AU: Hell.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Mentions of angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel, Lucifer, Michael, mentions/hints of Raphael/Michael and Lucifer/Michael.
Word Count: 813 words.
Summary: A dream, a fight and a conversation.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt hell being used for this one. Sixteen down, fourteen to go!

And now as I pass the half-way point I'm beginning to move the plot along and I've gotta say, even as this is a mostly angsty story, I want it known that this *will* have either a happy or a hopeful ending - it's not going to be a tragedy.

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Michael dreams, and in his dreams, he remembers: He is falling, falling faster than he can fly, struggling against the forces dragging him down, staring up at the sky and Earth as he is swept away.

He is cold, encased in ice, wrapped in chains, sluggish as he throws himself against the bars of his - no, no it is *The* Cage, the one he once closed after tossing his brother inside, the mighty Fallen Angel Lucifer, the Morningstar.

He is helpless, he is furious, he is trapped and he is not alone.

An eternity passes before he begins to slow in his attempts to destroy the walls of his prison.

He cannot count eternities, not in that space, and it could have been seconds, or minutes, or years before he turned to Lucifer and attacked him instead of the walls.

It is a long time before his anger cools enough to let him speak, or think rationally. He thinks he may have destroyed his vessel, but he cannot be sure.

He remembers this: Lucifer limp in his arms, taking his own eternity to respond to what Michael is doing, and he remembers a light, a voice, something he heard but did not respond to.

He may have heard Lucifer speaking, or if not speaking, then *praying*, and -

Michael wakes up. He is trembling, weak, and he hears the sounds of shouts.

He has Raphael snoring on his chest.

Michael closes his eyes and struggles to keep his dream, but already he knows he is forgetting it, and he cannot be sure of details.

There is only one detail he is certain he remembers correctly:

He heard Lucifer praying, at one point during their confinement.

Voice raised, Gabriel finds himself coming to blows for the second time in his life.

The moment Lucifer strikes him, and the moment after when he punches Lucifer *back* - he stops himself, can't even think of why they were fighting in the first place, and forces himself to step back, drop his arms.

"We shouldn't be doing this," He says, and can't even look at Lucifer. "I don't want this."

It's all a blur of anger and seeing Lucifer destroying his magazines and that was just the final straw.

"I agree," Lucifer says, and Gabriel looks at him.

"This can't keep happening, we can't keep fighting," Gabriel says, and stops himself. He's getting hysterical again, he's letting the emotions have control, and fun as it was when he was a full-blown hedonist, he can't just snap himself back into perfect shape at the end of the day.

"Gabriel."

"What?"

"I..." Lucifer begins, and Gabriel gives him the time to steel himself for whatever he's about to say. "I apologize. For destroying those."

It's a step, a big one, one that Gabriel is recognizing as a difficult one for Lucifer.

Gabriel nods, and says, "Yeah. I'll get over it."

"That you will," Lucifer says, and okay, Gabriel feels better. Maybe they both do.

"...Wanna help me pick out new ones next time I go shopping?"

Lucifer blinks at him, then nods. Gabriel's not sure why he's agreeing, but now he's not about to look a gift horse in the mouth, and - oh!

"Michael, hello!"

Michael looks like a mess, but he doesn't look half-dead, and after seeing how much he drank last night, Gabriel considers it a miracle.

"What was that drink we had last night?" Michael asks, and Gabriel can't help a grin.

"That was wine. Or beer. I forget which one you were drinking. They were alcoholic and they were awesome."

"I am never drinking those again," Michael says, and Gabriel gives him a thumbs-up, not believing it for a second.

"Sure thing," Gabriel says. "I recommend drinking more water to deal with the hangover, and taking painkillers."

"Hangover?"

"The physical pain you felt when you woke up this morning."

"You *knew* that would happen?"

"Hey, warning you ahead of time meant you wouldn't have done it!"

Michael scowls at him and crosses the room, entering the kitchen, and Gabriel shrugs.

"He'll forgive me eventually."

Lucifer looks past him, thoughtful, and shakes his head. "I wouldn't be so sure."

"Oh yeah? Why?"

"He's had sex with me and Raphael. Both times I suspect were due to what he drank."

"Wait wait wait. Sex with you? And Raphael? At the same time?"

"No. At separate times."

"Oh. Wait. When'd he do it with Raphael?"

"While you were gone."

Gabriel blinks, then laughs. It's not funny, he knows he's going to have to handle the mess that Michael's going to be, but -

Lucifer smirks at him, and Gabriel knows he understands completely.

"I don't hate you, you know?" Gabriel tells him, feeling glad to say it. "I was all emotional and you know how that works."

"I do," Lucifer says. "Believe me, I do."

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